

And with them began to crye  
The bishp said, yemen what wolde ye haue  
I praye you tell me  
Ye myght thus make offycers spent  
Good syrs of whens be ye  
Syr we be outlawes of the forest  
Certayne withouten leace  
And hyther we be come to our kynge  
To get vs a charter of peace  
And whan they came before our kynge  
As it was the lawe of the lande  
They kneled downe without lettynge  
And eche helde vp his hande  
They sayd lord we beseeche you here  
That ye wyl graunte vs grace  
For we haue slayne your fatte salowe dere  
In many a sondry place  
What is your names than sayd our kynge  
Anone that you tell me  
They sayd, Adam bell, Clyn of the clough  
And Wylliam of Clowdelle  
Be ye those theues than sayd our kynge  
That men haue tolde of to me  
Here to god I make a vowe  
Ye shall be hanged all thre  
Ye shall be ded without mercy  
As I am kynge of this lande  
Adam bell.

C.f.



But good lord we beseeche you now  
That ye will graunte us grace  
In so much as we be to you comen  
Or elles that we may fro you passe  
With such weapons as we haue here  
Till we be out of your place  
And yf we lyue this hanged yere  
We will aske you no grace  
Ye speke proudly sayd the kynge  
Ye shall be hanged all thre  
That were great pity sayd the quene  
If any grace myght be  
My lord whan I came fyrst into this lande  
To be your wedded wyfe  
The fyrst bone that I wolde aske  
Ye wolde graunte me belyfe  
And I asked you neuer none till now  
Therefore good lord graunte it me  
Nowe aske it madame sayd the kynge  
And graunted shall it be  
Than good lord I you beseeche  
The yemen graunte you me  
Madame ye myght haue asked a bone  
That sholde haue ben worthe them thre  
Ye myght haue asked cowes and cowne  
Parkes and forestes plentie



That his lyfe saued myght be  
And whan he made hym redy to shote  
There was many a wepyng eye  
Thus Clowdesse cleft the apple in two  
That many a man it se  
Ouer goddes forbode sayd the kynge  
That thou sholdest shote at me  
I gyue the. xviij. pens a daye  
And my bowe shalte thou bere  
And ouer all the north countree  
I make the chefe rydere  
And I gyue the. xij. pens a day sayd the que  
By god and by my saxe  
Come fetch the thy payment whan thou wyl  
No man shall cap the nape  
Wylliam I make the gentylman  
Of clothyng and of fee  
And thy two brethzen yemen of my chamb  
For they are so semely to se  
Your sone for he is tendre of age  
Of my wyne seller shall he be  
And whan he cometh to mannes state  
Better auanced shall he be  
And wylliam bryng me your wyfe saye th  
We longeth sore here to se  
She shall be my chefe gentylwoman  
And gouerne my nurser  
The yemen thanked them full courteysly  
And sayd to Rome streghht wyll we wende



...be gone there good men  
as they myght hve  
...came and dwelled with the kynge  
...good men all thre  
...deth the lyues of these good yemen  
...be them eternall blyss  
...hat with hande bowe shoteth  
...heuen they may neuer mysse.  
A M E N.

...ynted at London in Fleetestrete at  
...ne of the Sonne, by me John  
...bell. In y yere of our lord god.  
...CCCC. xxxvj. The se-  
...conde daye of June.



John Wyddell.

